

Good Morning 563

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

FIVE MOTHERS GREET FIVE SUBMARINERS

FROM mothers up and down ready for the return of Roy and your father. Mother says Bill Axon, from Sutton Courtney, called un-

We made a long journey to bring these five messages to you, starting the trip at 16, Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Surrey, where we found the same as ever, and wishes to a mother with a question to ask.

Yes, we do mean your mother. A.B. ARTHUR LITCHFIELD.

She looked at your photograph when we called and wondered whether your face had gone back to normal, which it seems is some sort of private joke between you.

Both your mother and your father are well, though Dad was a little chokker with the weather. It had been raining for days on end, and he was regretting that he couldn't get out into the garden to do a spot of digging and get the bonfire going.

But about that scrap, Arthur! Mother is wondering what the other fellows are looking like.



"Camera-shy."

Your mother has some very good news—that long-awaited money has arrived from Canada, and you can bet you are O.K. for that ring mother promised.

Roy has left Barclay's as he hopes to get abroad with this new job he has got. John, Eileen and Rosemary have been up to London on John's leave and have had quite a nice time. Doris was able to meet Eileen and John, and they all had a very nice time together.

All at Peabody Buildings and their love and best wishes, and Mother says "Good Luck."

FROM Peabody Buildings to Union Road, S.W.4, on behalf of Leading Signalman JOHN LECHMERE.

At No. 27 we found Mrs. Lechmere busy at her favourite occupation—cooking.

She was busy making a "toad-in-the-hole" with spam, to be followed, she said, by her famous bread pudding and custard, which should satisfy Joyce as well as your mother herself.

Doesn't it make your mouth water? One of your specials.

Your mother says everything is going well with them at home.

Joyce went out flag selling on Poppy Day and collected quite a good bit of dough—family appeal we presume. She also had a cheap and very enjoyable day out with the



"Question to ask."

Pam called round on Sunday, and after seeing the photograph, joined in the joke and they all had a good laugh together.

Mother wonders whether you will be getting something special in the way of a bike after the war, and if you do, Dad says he'll want a trailer on the back for him.

Ron's famous luck has run out after all this time. He has gone out at last after three weeks' leave and five more in port, which just shows you that you can't be lucky all the time.

The last news of all is pretty good, Arthur. This is that there is still plenty of beer at the Spa, and both Mum and Dad are hoping that it will not be long before you are home and are able to get round there again.

FROM there we went along to 3H, Peabody Buildings, Rodney Road, S.E.17, where we found one of those slightly camera-shy women.

In other words, your mother, Stoker First Class WILLIAM LAVERY.

We rather caught her napping, because she had been very busy doing a spot of washing, and her first remark, when she knew we were from "Good Morning," was "You won't be able to get a picture of me to-day." But that was before she knew "Fuse" Wilson.

While we were writing these notes, she was tidying up and getting everything shipshape

To RONALD RICHARDS, the Bee-man, J. C. Bee-Mason, tells of strange events which led him at the outbreak of war to organise honey supplies for submarine crews

How the Honey got into the Tin

DID you ever hear how the bumble-bee broke his leg? The official auxiliary bulletin said he fell off his honey. That could be, and probably you know the answer, anyway, but can you answer this one? Who was responsible for organising honey supplies for the Royal Navy? And how did it all come about?

It is a long story, which started in 1925. J. C. Bee-Mason, who is so enthusiastic

about bees that he put one in his name and posed for a picture with 40,000 bees on his bare body, resulting in 350 stings, is the man. Let him tell his own tale.

"In 1925, I was a member of the British Arctic Expedition under the late commander, Lt. Worsley, D.S.O. We sailed in a little auxiliary brigantine of about 126 tons register. When

in the ice between Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land we broke both blades of our propeller.

"Worsley decided to carry on, and we navigated that ship into the Archipelago of Franz Josef Land, and sailed further North than any ship since the days of Sir John Franklin. Turning South, we got caught in some heavy ice, and as the ship looked like being crushed we were preparing to leave her and walk over the ice to Siberia, when a South-west gale blew up and broke the pack-ice.

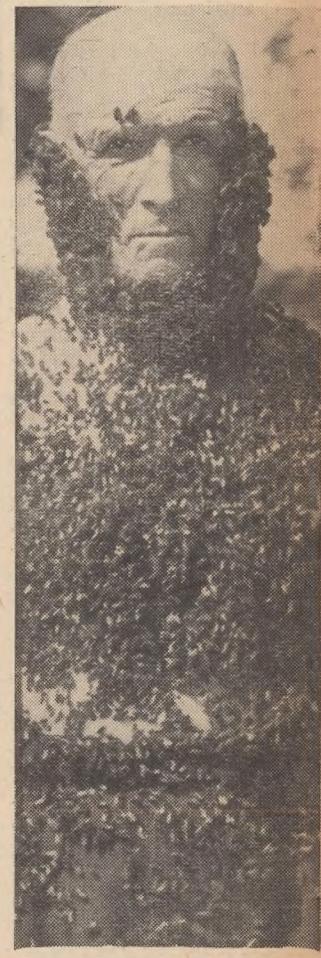
"Off Spitzbergen we encountered a terrible gale, and our ship nearly founders. Our rudder was smashed and our sails torn.

"I was lashed to the wheel for three hours. The cold was unbearable, the weather the most violent we had ever encountered, and I wished I had some honey with me. A God-send would have been a mug of hot water and a spoonful of honey!"

The Bee-man has never forgotten that experience, and when this war started his mind went back to the Spitzbergen incident, and he thought of those men of the Royal Navy still at sea.

Immediately he made contact with the Admiralty suggesting that the Sussex bee-keepers might adopt a batte-ship and supply the crew with honey. Vice-Admiral H. Monroe said the honey would be gratefully received and particularly by submarine crews.

The Sussex bee-keepers readily adopted the scheme, and in 1940 sent nearly 800 pounds of honey to depot ships. In 1941, owing to a bad harvest, the amount sent was less, but the following year Kent bee-keepers, who had by this



"Your Bee-man and 40,000 bees."

usually late, and after a month in the forest we were almost out of drinking-water. Rivers were dried up, and it was necessary for us to search the dried-up beds for soft-mud from which we could drain a few spoonfuls of filthy liquid.

"Eventually, even the mud hardened and we were nearly three days without any drink. The heat was intense and we suffered terribly.

"Suddenly, we came upon a small Indian village, which told us there must be water close at hand, and so we dispatched one of the guides to fill our water-bottles. I had barely sufficient strength to sling my hammock and crawl in utterly exhausted.

"A few minutes later I felt someone touch me. Looking up, I saw a pretty little Chiquitano Indian girl, holding a calabash of water to my lips. I eagerly seized the calabash and sloped the contents. After a few mouthfuls I held it away and said, 'My God, there's honey in it!' and I gulped the lot.

"I said to Uirro, 'That was a mixture of honey and water.' He replied, 'Yes, these Indians know the value of honey.'

"That was a nasty blow for me. Years ago I had bee farms in Suffolk and counted my hives by the hundred and produced honey by the ton—it was ironical that I should have to go through the Green Hell of Bolivia to appreciate the real value of honey."

"And so, when you suck the remains of your honey ration from your fingers you should think of that pretty little Chiquitano girl!"



"Time to smile."

think of it? She hasn't changed much has she?

With all this work she does, she hasn't time to do any gardening now, and wants you home to help her out. The garden looked very well, in spite of lack of attention and the Watford weather, which, when we called, was trying to emulate Manchester.

Mother should be very proud of her solitary rose.

Everyone at home is fine, including Uncle Fred and Tinker the cat, who is still the terror of the neighbouring mice.

Remember the King's Head in Watford? The old place is still going strong, and in spite of the quality of war-time beer, the old regulars are still gathering there. Call in and have one for us next time you're home.

Your mother told us that you are a great film fan, and always visit the local "flicks" when you are enjoying a soot of leave. She said the Rex was one of your favourites, and we also noticed the Plaza as we were going through



"Keeping a secret."

Sussex sent 1,015 lbs. and Kent 816 lbs. There were 900 contributors in Sussex and 1,100 in Kent. In 1945, many other counties will join the competition, from which every submariner should get an adequate supply.

These competitions and the collection and delivery of the honey are but part of a highly organised industry at the head of which is the celebrated Sussex apiarist.

And although it was the Spitzbergen trip which brought to his mind the fact that honey was not merely a luxury but a necessity to seamen, the real heroine of the story is a Chiquitano squaw; but again, that is another story, so the pen is passed back to Mason.

The year is 1928, the setting is Bolivia, the cast, eight men—Uirro, Duguid, Tizerman, Bee-Mason and four Indians. We started from Lake Gaiba, on the borders of Brazil and Bolivia, and cut our way through the Bolivian Chaco to the Andes.

"It was in the tail-end of the dry season, the rains were un-

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

WANGLING WORDS

The Pirate who Retired

1. Insert consonants in A**Y** and *I**O**IA* and get two Scottish counties.

2. Here are two musical instruments whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

LABUTHA — MYCOYB.

3. If "brim" is the "rim" of a hat, what is the rim of (a) Distortion, (b) Revenge?

4. Find the two artificial lights hidden in: Get an oval disc, and let three holes be bored in it, and there's your "Kabul button"!

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 501

1. AUSTRALASIA, EURAFRICA.
2. CELLO—ORGAN.
3. (a) Stark, (b) Startle, (c) Astarte.

JANE



RUGGLES



IT'S A FACT

IN the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, is a small tombstone reading: "To the Church Cat, 1912-1927."

The tyre of a big bomber uses more rubber than the tyres of twenty motor-cars.

The Gold Stick is an officer of the Royal Household who attends the Sovereign on State occasions.

The first man to discover gold in California was a Captain Sutter. He sued the American Government for 275,000,000 dollars, the value of his land overrun by miners in the 1849 gold-rush.

When Rags, a mongrel terrier owned by a sergeant of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, had gastritis, he was treated at a branch of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. Some time later, when out on his own, he was run over by a car and had his shoulder dislocated. Rags tottered more than a mile to the dispensary and "reported sick."

Nonage is a ninth part of a deceased person's movable goods which at one time could be claimed by the clergy for devotion to pious purposes.

Gordon Rich

GARTH



JUST JAKE



"THERE! GET FRESH WITH A POOR DEFENSELESS GIRL, WOULD YOU?!!"

ARE you good at climbing? "A craft of only 100 tons, but she was a fighting machine aeroplane. Either one or from bows to stern. Other achievement may bring wealth galore, treasure that will put you "beyond the dreams of avarice."

For you are at liberty to find the hoard of no less a person than Captain Peter Duval.

Duval was one of the notorious pirates who scoured the Atlantic north and south, reckless, impetuous, suspicious and cruel.

In the year 1763 he was pursued, and finding himself likely to lose the fortune he had amassed in a life of buccaneering, he sailed up the St. Lawrence.

He saw the Rock of Perce, standing grim and gaunt in the Gaspe Peninsula of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and he decided that there he would place his gains, and come back for them when the chase was less hot.

Nobody ever before (or since) had scaled the rock. Duval's ship was the "Vul-

ture," a craft of only 100 tons, enemies. He went back to St. Malo, gave out that he intended to give up pirate work, and let it be known far and wide that he was through. He meant it.

There was a crew of only thirty, and the number of guns she carried was but four; but Duval constantly changed his rig and held his fire until he was within short distance of his prize. Then he let go with everything he had. Few ships resisted.

From the Atlantic he changed his beat to the seas between St. Malo and Spain, and there he found good hunting. No merchant ship was safe, and Duval became known as the Terror of the Seas.

On this occasion, when he was pursued, he decided to raise his booty to the top of the Rock of Perce. He and several of his men scaled the rock late one night.

It was a desperate business, for there was little foothold; but they got up and hauled the chests above with rope and tackle.

Then he descended and set sail again, and escaped his

treasure, but the attempt was never made, for some reason. So there it is, 288 feet high, and if you have an aeroplane you can make the attempt to land and search for Duval's treasure. It hangs between heaven and sea, ready to be lifted.

By RUSSELL SINCLAIR

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ALEX CRACK

"Jane, has the chemist sent that sleeping draught yet?"

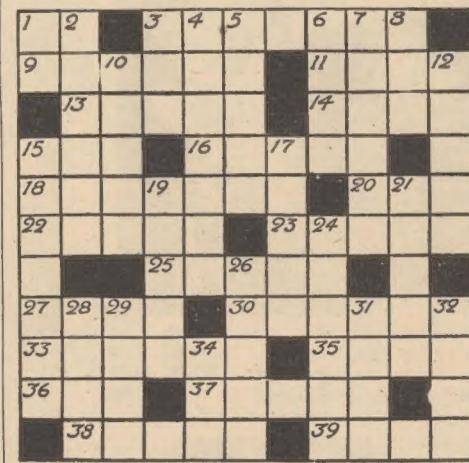
"No, ma'am."

"Then ring him up and ask him if he expects me to keep awake all night waiting for it!"

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

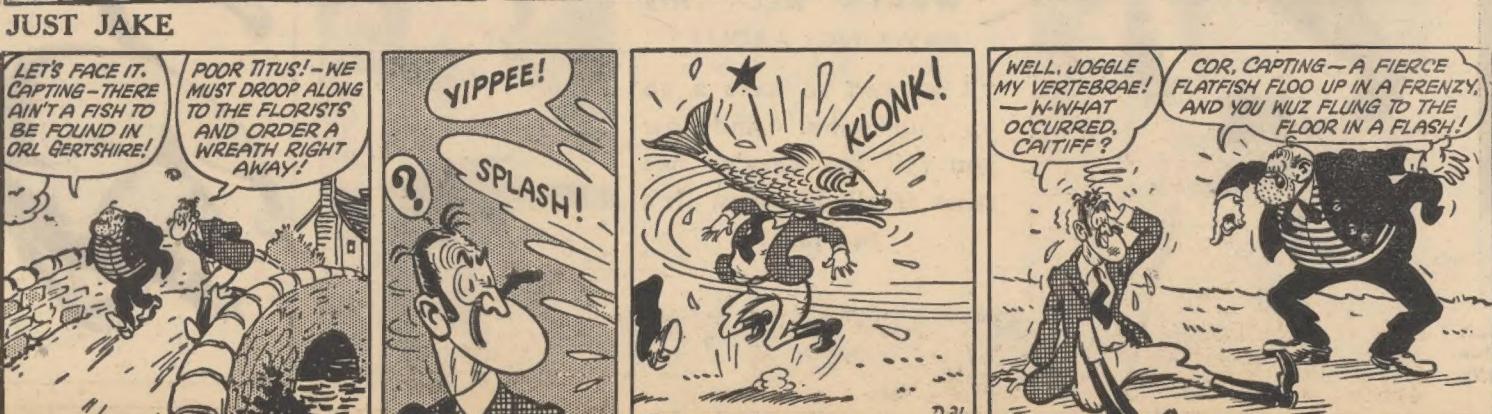
- 1 Legislator.
- 3 Inflated talk.
- 9 Part of coat.
- 11 Bubble up.
- 13 Tree.
- 14 Bound easily.
- 15 Vehicle.
- 16 Mature.
- 18 Quarantine.
- 20 Go astray.
- 22 Stair-rail post.
- 23 Garment.
- 25 Girl's name.
- 27 Recedes.
- 30 Lovely drink.
- 33 Firmly fixed.
- 35 Old oxen.
- 36 Luminary.
- 37 Indian coin.
- 38 One of the U.S.A.
- 39 Keep thumping.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Written matter.
- 2 Give joy to.
- 3 Litter.
- 4 Outer garment.
- 5 Deserve.
- 6 Talented.
- 7 Rather.
- 8 Extremity.
- 10 Jostle.
- 12 Find out.
- 15 Slag.
- 17 Harmony.
- 19 Smallest.
- 21 Mountain ash.
- 24 Struck with beak.
- 26 Punjab river.
- 28 Trial of strength.
- 29 Rib.
- 31 Row.
- 32 Paper quantity.
- 34 Space of time.

SCREW FINCH
HOAXED TORE
AND NUMERAL
VEIL DAM NO
E CIDER MET
ALTO CLOD
HUE YAHOO P
AT LEG TRIO
SHRINES ASK
TOAD DINGLE
ERGOT TWEED



Good Morning

LOVE-in
five easy lessons



Here's the chance, fellows, to brush up on your technique! That Great Lover of the screen, Eddie Cantor, shows you how he became a killa-diller. "When I kiss 'em, they stay kissed," says Eddie.



"Take the lady firmly by the back of the neck and scrutinise her mug from every angle. This gets 'em mad, and also keeps 'em guessing. Is she going to get a smacker or the brush-off?"



"Draw the party roughly against your manly chest. Work the face muscles convulsively. Try to remember you're a strong man, fighting to control the beast in yourself."



"When you feel she's burning, grasp her by the throat and tilt the head to the required position. CONTACT! Watch her eyelids—if they close, you've hit the spot."



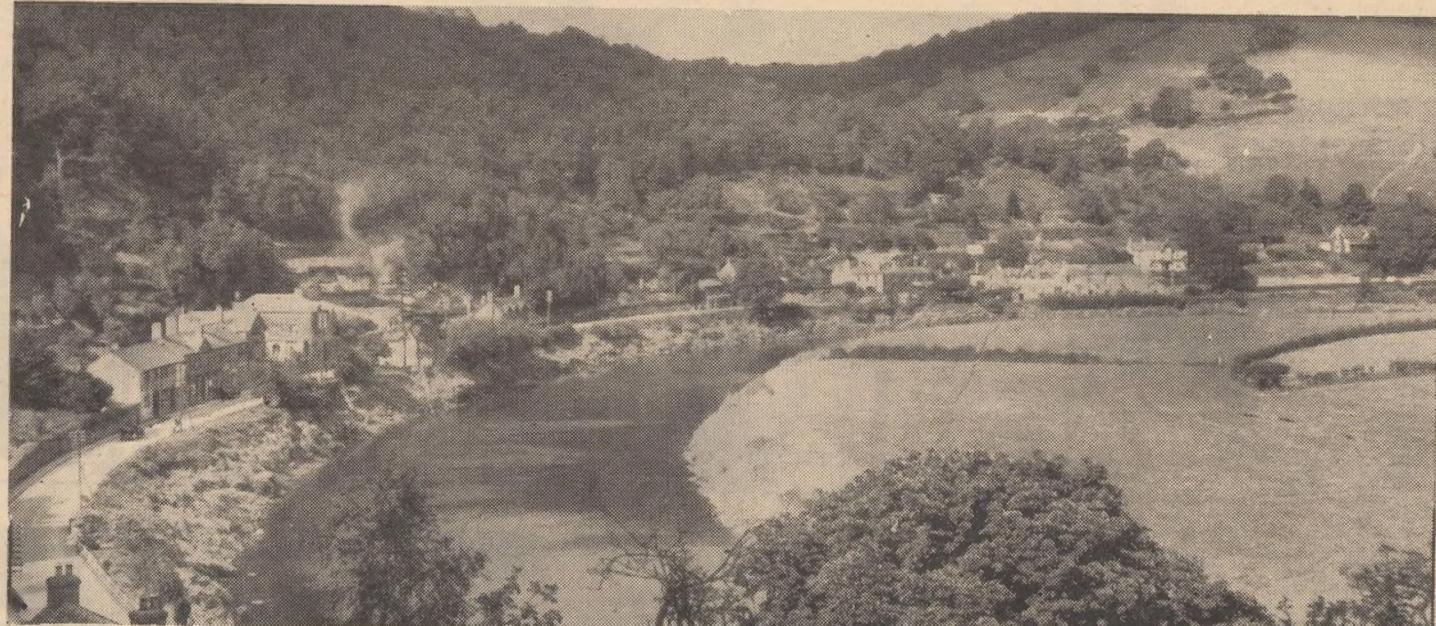
"Breathing fiercely, start groping for her ear. When you find it, don't bite it, but nuzzle it gently. This is sure fire stuff. It just slays them—and incidentally allows you to get your breath back."



King Panto reigns again! These little ladies are wearing out their shoes dancing two shows a day in the "Sleeping Beauty" at Golder's Green. Hear them squeal when the Dame threatens to warm their sit-spots in the school scene, see them dance in spangles in the Fairy Glen! They're hard-working troupers, all.



"The old brown bear, she ain't what she used to be . . ." But she still sports a bowler like any city slicker.



THIS ENGLAND—or should we say "This Wales," for we can never remember whether Monmouthshire counts as England or Wales. Anyway, if you know this lovely border village of Tintern, you'll agree that it possesses the best of both countries.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'd take him down a peg or two."

